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Wet Dreams –

FACTUAL FANTASIES

Sex Maniacs'

BALL



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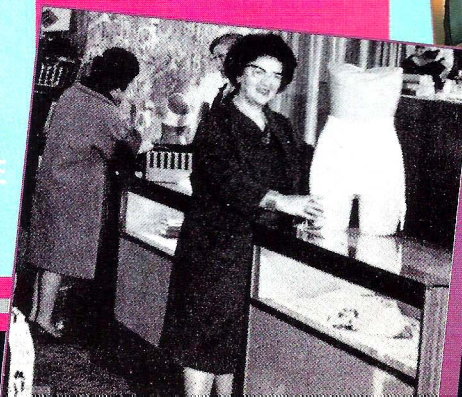
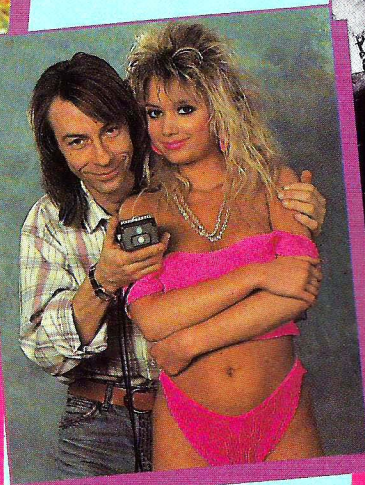
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PENPOWER

PLUS

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Sex Contest

I have many fantasies. It began when my husband, Jordan, and myself were watching Miss World, as we always to. He was saying, "To do it properly, all the girls should strip off."

"Oh, yes," I said, "give you men a dirty thrill!" But he was serious. Then I began to think he had a point, why not? Then a thought occurred to me, why not for men as well as women? There was no stopping me after that. And when the show had finished I was so aroused by my indecent ideas I got Jordan to fuck me, which wasn't all that hard to do. His super cock slid into me wonderfully, stretching my cunt, and as ever brought us both to a terrific climax.

That night I had a dream about a male-female contest, except not just for beauty. It's a kind of sex contest, really, to find the best physical specimens of each kind. I'm not a participant, but Jordan is. He's a very keen sportsman, and

has always looked after himself. I see womens' husbands with big bellies bulging over their trousers and I cringe. Anyway he's done really well in this contest, and he ends up representing England in the big final, which is held somewhere like the Albert Hall. I'm his assistant so I'm waiting with him in the wings. There's a few dozen other men with their partners too, from all over the world.

The girls are on their side of the stage, and each one comes on alternately, so you have boy-girl, boy-girl. First the girls are in evening dress and the men are in dinner jackets. Then the girls are in bikinis, and the men are in trunks. And then it's time to strip. It has been televised so far but now the cameras are switched off. The whole hall is electric as the first girl walks out on stage. None of the men are interested, and are more concerned about themselves. As they get ready, their assistants comb their pubic hair and make

sure their cocks and balls are hanging straight. I do this to Jordan as well. Meanwhile all the girls are taking their turns to loud applause. Tall Scandinavian blondes with small tits and never ending legs. South American girls with dark olive skins and large breasts that don't droop. Black girls with high, firm breasts and short black curls that cover their cunts.

Then there's the men; big, beefy Germans and Swedes, slim, little Italians, great, muscular black men. And their cocks are all so different; long ones, thin ones, short ones and fat ones, and a couple which defy human nature. The contestants are now narrowed down, and Jordan is among the last dozen. The compere announces that the next part will be judged in private. The contest has now moved to a smaller hall where the stage extends right out in the middle of the audience. At one end of the stage there is a divan and at the other there is a water proof canvas with numbers and lines marked on it. The lights are dimmed so that everyone can only see the stage.

The first girl is announced, and she steps out on the stage in just high heels, nothing else. She's from South America, very dark and quite sexy, even though she seems a bit nervous now. She lays full length on the water proof divan, raises her knees and slightly opens her legs. The girl takes a deep breath, closes her eyes and stretches one hand down her body. She starts to play with herself; pubic hair then cunt. She breathes heavily and we can see her large breasts rising and falling. There's absolute silence, all want to give her a chance.

She twists round on the divan, her feet facing the judges. Then she draws up her legs and opens them wide so that from the front

her cunt is exposed and the judges can still see her tits between her legs. She runs her fingers up and down her cunt lips, darting the middle one inside herself, and thrashing about until with a final gasp, she comes. The judges, who have had the best view, clap politely as she recovers slightly and trots off stage with a shy smile.

Then it's the mens' turn. All their women get them ready because they have to go on with cock erect. There are a dozen wives and girlfriends giving their cocks a stroke and tickle with their tongues for luck. I kneel in front of hubby and take the head of his purple veined cock in my mouth and give it a long wet suck which he loves, as he's on first. As I draw him from my lips, he's got a gorgeous 9" throbbing cock.

He strides on and stands in front of the divan, legs astride, losing none of his powerful stature of both body and manhood. Taking a deep breath he reaches down for his erection. He takes a firm grip on the base of his impressive root and starts to slide the foreskin up and down. From where I am, I can see his cock almost parallel with the floor. His hand is wanking at a fabulous speed as he works himself up, leaning back and pushing his hips forward so his cock appears phenomenally larger. He looks amazing.

His hand is now a blur, and I'm afraid he's going to pull it off. I hear him pant, and I'm sure I hear two of the female judges gasp. And a thick, creamy jet of spunk shoots out the end of his cock and streaks in a wide arc across the stage as he jerks his hips and bum cheeks. He jerks again and almost as much gushed out, then again, and he finished with a dribble. The compere walks on, looks at the water proof cover and announces, "Fifteen feet." There's a loud applause as hubby exits.

The others take their turns. Now they have to be judged in pairs. They are decided by picking names out of a hat and Jordan has been drawn with the South American girl. As they're read out I lick clean the salty tip of his cock and wish him luck. "I love you darling," I whisper, "now screw her really hard. Make her shout."

The two of them climb on to the divan. They kneel, caressing each other, then the girl dips her head onto the stiff shaft sticking up between his legs, dropping and stretching her full lips over the engorged knob and most of the long, stout length. Simultaneously, she runs her slender fingers up and down what remained of his scarlet shaft. "Good move," says an American woman standing beside me.

Now it's hubby's turn. He gets her on her back with her legs wide and starts to lick her cunt lips, finally raising her up under her small shapely thighs and rolling his face back and forth in her open crutch. "Say, he's talented," compliments the American woman.

Finally it's time to finish and he moves between the girl's thighs, pushing back her legs till she's almost bent double, her ankles on either side of her head. Then, poised above her, Jordan drives his cock, and it's the biggest I've ever seen it, into her exposed vagina. It's a position that enables the judges to see every inch of his magnificent shaft going into her. The girl wails as he penetrates her, and there is loud applause. "Fantastic, that lucky girl," sighs the American.

"Fuck her darling, fuck her really hard now," I say, and he does. His body rigid, he pumps up and down with tremendous strokes, thrusting his big cock into the girl's tiny brown body. The girl's moaning and thrashing about beneath him, babbling in Spanish,

as if trying to escape the deep thrusts of his awesome cock. "You want it all" pants Jordan, "well here it is then." And he sinks right forward, burying himself, jerking fiercely as he comes, pumping his spunk inside her. The girl screams in Spanish and faints away.

"My god, that man can fuck," says the American woman.

The applause is fantastic and Jordan has to help the girl off, she's shaking so much. I congratulate him and introduce him to the American woman who says, "I know it's forward of me, but all this fucking has made me horny. Do you mind if we go into another place and see if we are compatible?" Jordan shrugs and I let him go. The woman is that desperate to be screwed, she's already unzipping her skirt.

They announce the winners, and hubby and the South American have won. Everyone looks for Jordan to accept his prize and that's when we all hear the American woman behind the screens. There's a terrible loud gasp, and then she cries out, "Oh God, what a cock. Stick it in. Christ, you're splitting me!"

I told Jordan my dream which ended up in a nice long fuck. I held my head in a pillow to suppress my cries of joy as I received a hard deep shafting from the rear, followed by the mighty surge of spunk in the cunt. Heaven. — K, Norfolk.

Wet Spot

My name is Leanne, and I live in Perth, Western Australia. My boyfriend gets Knave regularly (and other things!). We both love to read "Penpower" and my pussy juices up over the stories. Ken likes to take pictures of me in some of the poses your models use. I guess you could say that our sex life gets some spice from Knave. Anyway, I



THE NAME ULF STJERNBO HAS BEEN SEEN MANY A TIME IN THIS LUSTY ORGAN. FROM OUTDOOR SETS TO CLASSY INTERIORS, HE'S SHOT 'EM ALL. BUT WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS MAN? WHERE DOES HE COME FROM? WHAT DOES HE WANT? AND JUST WHERE DID HE GET THAT NAME? THESE, AND THE ANSWERS TO OTHER QUESTIONS CAN NOW BE REVEALED ...



man himself, however, it was infinitely more preferable to Nilsson. And you have to admit, there aren't many of them in the telephone directory!

Back in the 1960s, Ulf had been a fanatical pop

A long time ago, in a far away galaxy, there was a tenement building. Its occupants all had the same surname, Nilsson, so naturally the post kept going astray. One man decided to do something about it. His name was Lennart Nilsson, but to keep track of his post, he changed it to Ulf Stjernbo. Don't misunderstand me, this isn't all happening in Watford, or something, this is set in Malmoe, Sweden.

The name Ulf Stjernbo seems to cause us Britons problems in the pronunciation department. I have even heard it as Alf Steamboat, but the person who said it will remain nameless! To the

fan, and was so obsessed with the 'Hep Stars', his fave Swedish rave, that he followed them around the country, acting as unpaid photographer. Eventually, he became such a nuisance that they gave him a job. In Sweden, the Hep Stars were bigger than The Beatles, so it says a lot for Ulf's tenacity that he landed a job with them! Initially working as a roadie, and then as the tour bus driver everywhere he went, his camera travelled with him, taking live shots, and then progressing to LP sleeves.

Then, when the 60s died, the Hep Stars joined the ranks of has-beens, and Ulf found himself looking for a new job.

We all know what you do now, but how did your career start?

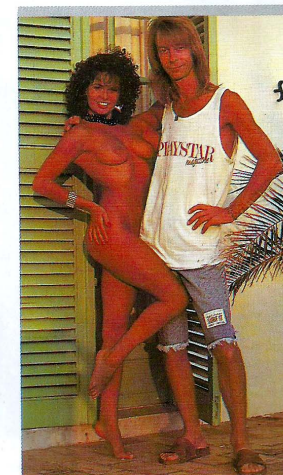
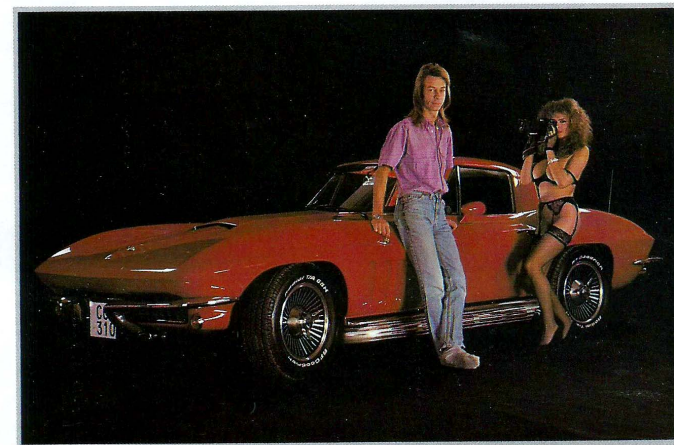
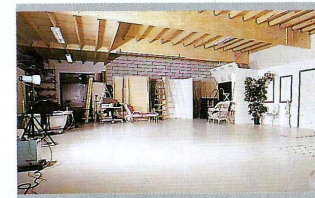
"Together with a friend, I started a small photo shop in Malmoe. We had a small studio, too, where we photographed dogs and kids. Business was okay, but it wasn't very exciting."

Like a lot of young men, Ulf had read girlie magazines, and often pictured himself behind a camera, snapping off shots of a beautiful model. Unlike most men, however, he decided to give it a whirl!

"My first pictures weren't much to write home about," he laughs. "But after a while, I managed to sell some to a Swedish magazine called

'FIB/Aktuelt'. My self-confidence grew, and my photographs got better and better."

Now that his pictures were gaining acceptance, the next job was to find more models. To this



PENPOWER PLUS

< 5

thought that since other readers have given me so much pleasure, I should share one of my experiences with you.

My boyfriend lives in a beachside suburb, and I usually spend the weekend with him there. Although I was born in Bournemouth 20 years ago I came with my parents to Australia when I was 7. The beaches in England are nothing like what we have here, not only are they soft golden sand, but mostly girls can sunbathe topless without being hassled! I often go to the beach, and then put suntan oil on my tits, which are nicely shaped, rubbing it well into the nipples. This often gets some lads going, and I often see one "crack a bar" while I feel myself up in front of them.

Needless to say I often get a wet spot on my bikini pants! Ken usually gets the benefit of this when we get home, and that's what I'm going to tell you about. Ken and I had been to the beach with a friend of mine from University. We both got hot showing our tits, and Ken had been half hard all afternoon. After we drove Sheree home, I went for a cool shower. The cold water had just the opposite effect on my cunt, and I fingered my hot box while I rinsed away the salt. Ken had his bathing trunks off and was waiting when I came out of the shower.

I dropped my towel and kissed him hard, rubbing my tits into his chest. I felt his cock stiffen between us, and I wanked him gently, peeling his foreskin from the knob. Kneeling, I gobbled his prick, God, I love salted beef! Ken fucked my mouth with his straining 7" prick, while I beat myself off with three fingers in my cunt.

I wanted that meat in my cunt, so I turned around. I was so hot I didn't give Ken a chance to put it to me, I just shoved my wet fuckhole onto him. Wanking my clitty, I rode Ken into fuck-heaven. He shot his come up my cunt, and I had to use his dwindling tool and my fingers to come, but I'm afraid that it wasn't a very good orgasm. I wanted more, but Ken needed help to get it up again.



I told him I wanted to taste his come and my cunt juices. Now, for some of the photos Ken takes, I use a dildo, and I took that dildo out of the wardrobe, and licked it, saying, "Isn't it a pity that your's can't be as hard as this," and when it was wet enough, I put the dildo, which is a lot longer than Ken's prick, where it was meant to go. The pink plastic of the wanking — stick was glistening with clotted come when it slurped out of my cunt. Tasty!

Eventually Ken's cock got the message, and I treated it to another licking, whilst Ken ate my furburger, leaving the little blonde bush very wet indeed. Eventually, I thought that a fuck might be a good idea, so I impaled myself on his cock.

Lifting myself up high when I rode Ken I gave him a beautiful view of Cuntie eating Dick, with my tits swinging. All of this work can make a girl tired, so I had a lay down. Ken took over the fucking, lifting my hips, so that he was sort of using my body to wank with.

After all this attention my cunt was getting a bit sore, and my clit was pretty well fucked out, so I gave Ken a tit-fuck to milk his jism.

That was last weekend. Next weekend Ken is going to see my new bikini which I daren't let my

parents see, because although they're pretty liberal, I don't think they'd approve of something that shows almost all of my goodies. In fact it's so skimpy that I had to shave my pubes off entirely, something I've wanted to do for a while, ever since I saw Ken almost cream his jeans over my friend Sheree's shaven haven, when he saw her having an after beach shower. I'll write and tell you how it goes. — L., Australia.

I Really Want To Come

This story happened some three years ago now but every detail is still so very fresh in my mind that I can relate it all to you without fear of having to make any of it up. The woman's name was Patsy and I met her in a local bar when she came to work there as the new barmaid. She was a gorgeous piece of bum that set more than a few cocks in our local stiffening. She was 40 but in amazingly good shape in every way, she had fantastic 40 inch tits and the best bum I have ever seen on a woman. Her thighs in her jeans, and the way her cunt bulged under the material was enough to shake spunk off a walking stick as we say

down here. She had fabulous blonde hair and always wore lots of make-up. In fact she really was the perfect barmaid. I started chatting her up the first time I saw her. She took a shine to me as well, and it was on one hot Summer night that it all began when she offered to give me a lift home. I jumped at the chance, and from the look in her eye as she smiled and went to get her coat I knew that tonight I was going to screw her.

From the moment we got in the car the atmosphere was absolutely electric. She had a denim mini skirt on and when she sat down to drive, it rode up to the very tops of her thighs and I could see her

Pun-ilingus

Pop group:
The suspects in a paternity suit.

Quickie:
Sheet lightning.

Quid pro:
A cheap hooker.

Rear-view mirror:
A cellulite detector.

JOKER

Ron was sitting in the bar of an expensive hotel in central London, feeling extremely randy, when a stunner of a prostitute approached him.

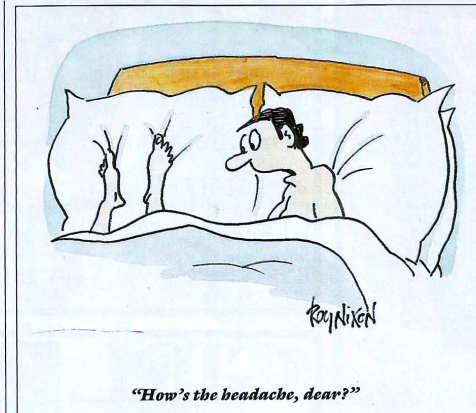
"How much do you charge?" asked Ron. "One hundred pounds for the evening," replied the hooker. "Well if I'm going to pay that sort of money, I have to insist we do it under my rules." "Any way you please," said the prostitute, "so long as you're paying, honey." "Alright," said Ron, "meet me in my room in thirty minutes, then we'll pull down the blinds, draw the curtains, turn out the lights and do it in pitch-black darkness."

When the hooker entered the room, she was given a real good humping. Then she was told, "Let's wait a few minutes." Then she was bonked again. The same sequence went on for three hours.

Finally, after nine goes Ron seemed stronger than before. The prostitute commented on this, "Ron you must be the most fantastic lover I've had. You just keep getting better and better." "Listen lady!" said a voice, "I ain't Ron, I'm Tom. Ron is outside renting you out to his friends at fifty pounds a go."

black stocking tops. I had a monster of a hard on bursting to get out of my jeans. Let me tell you that I was 27 back then, and found it very erotic to be this close to fucking yet another older woman.

I said, "I love your legs Patsy, they're really something." She smiled as she drove and gave me a quick sideways glance that told me she was thinking exactly what I was thinking. She smiled and said, "Yes I've noticed the way you look at them and my boobs." I felt my heart racing as I pointed to her to turn left at the end of the lane. She swung the car left and drove a hundred yards or so down the lane before commenting that I lived in a very far out place. I said, "Yes I



don't get a lot of callers, I live in an old farm cottage about two miles from town and the ride down to the cottage is only just wide enough to get a car down it." We eventually reached home and when we got there I left her to find something in her car and walked across to unlock the door. As I did so, the dogs came howling out to meet me and then seeing a stranger they both made a ferocious charge at Patsy. She screamed and I called the dogs off. She was backed up against the car and I laughed as I walked up to her. "I'm glad you think it's funny," she said with a shaky smile.

I grabbed her and kissed her, forcing my tongue deep into her mouth and pushing my swollen hard on right up against her belly,

swollen mound that really pushed out the front of her knickers and I got two fingers up her as she dragged my swollen cock out of my jeans into the warm summer night air. I'm not boasting at the size of my cock but it is a genuine 8 inches and really really thick, even thicker on this particular night. She groaned from my fingers up her cunt, my hand was covered in her cunt juice. It was all so amazingly erotic that neither of us could stop ourselves, we had a perfectly good bed just a short distance away and here we were about to fuck over the bonnet of her car, it was great.

I turned her around and pulled her skirt right up over her fabulous bum and grabbed her knickers and



she groaned and grabbed my crotch and mauled my hard on through my jeans as I opened her fabulous thighs, and shoved my left hand up her skirt. Her knickers were absolutely soaking wet, she really was streaming and boy did she have a fat juicy cunt. It was a

them off her bum. That must have turned her on even more because she groaned really loud and said, "Oh god, please, please FUCK ME." I wanted to get hold of her fabulous tits first, so I pulled her white top out of her waistband and pulled it up and over her breasts.

I've got to admit that my hands were shaking and I couldn't undo her bra, but she reached swiftly back behind her and flicked her strap undone in a swift motion before leaning forward again over the wing of the car onto the bonnet. I remember to this day the fantastic warm feel of her huge firm tits with their massive nipples that were rock hard as my hands grabbed them.

"Come on give it to me for God's sake. Fuck me PLEASE," she groaned. I let go of her tits pulled her cunt lips open with my left fingers and guided my huge swollen cock into her fat swollen slit. I got the end in and rammed it right up her as hard as I could, she screamed and I fucked her over the wing of the car.

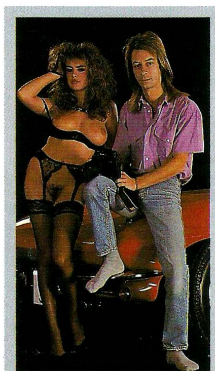
I remember the squelching sounds of her cunt as I fucked it. She whimpered and gasped and gave little groaning cries as I took her. It was a fabulous fuck, my thighs slapped against her bum as I shafted her and I just kept pounded away. This was the blonde tart behind the bar that everyone wanted to stuff, and here I was out in night fucking her over the front of her car. If only the boys (and the girls) could see me now I thought as I held her by the hips and fucked her streaming slit for all I was worth. I've spent many years learning how to control my come, and I am really not boasting when I say I can go on for hours without coming if I want to. And yet there are times when you really want to come and you can't, well I really did want to come now. I

must have been stuffing her for a good fifteen minutes and she was begging me to spunk up her. I just kept fucking away at her getting, I must admit, a fantastic kick out of it.

It was a great turn on thinking that someone could hear her being

Ulf Larsson

end, Ulf started his own model agency. Not exactly known for his poor taste in women, Ulf's agency became a launch pad for some highly successful models. "One of them, Jeanette

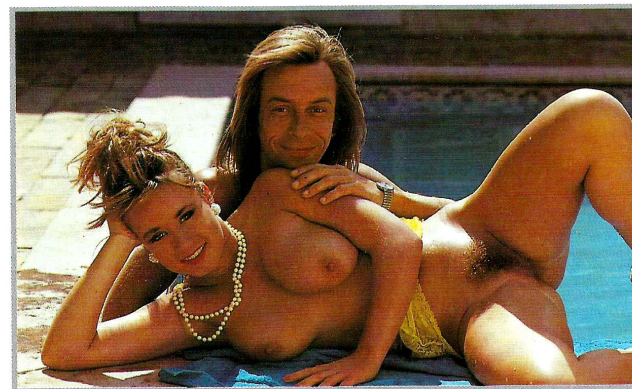


Starion, was elected 'Penthouse Pet of the Year' in 1982. Running the agency was great fun, but it was very time consuming. Chasing new models took too much time (Ulf's not as fit as

he used to be! — Ed), and photography came second."

When Ulf sold off the agency, he quickly found himself another project, a highly successful girlie magazine called *Playstar*. Although it's unavailable in this country, *Playstar* has been distributed to countries throughout the world, printed in Swedish, Danish, Norwegian and Serbocroatian. Not, however in English — although we did ask him to!

Then earlier this year, Ulf sold his interest in



that — he doesn't like to hang around — in order to concentrate on his photography. Currently, Ulf is based in a studio in a small village outside Malmoe, which also incorporates a farm. The largest studio of its kind, he proudly boasts. Working alongside his old friend Hans Larsson, Ulf shoots girls from all over the world.

What attracts the girls to the farm?

"They like feeding the chickens and leading the outdoor life between shoots! It's important that the girls feel comfortable and at home — it makes them more relaxed and the shoots go better."

And when the creative juices dry up at home?

"I do a lot of location work. Last year I went to eleven different countries to work. That's what makes the job so interesting and varied. There are lots of good models in England, for instance, so we come over quite

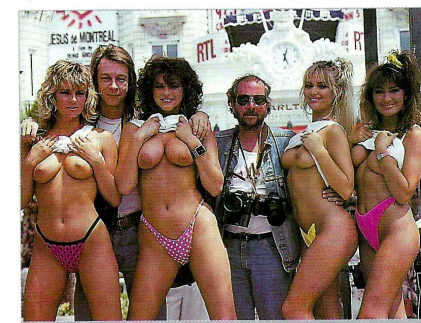
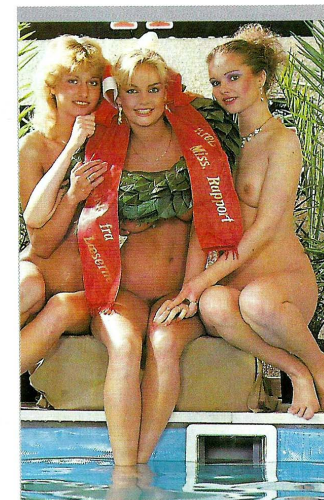
often. Sometimes we hire a castle for a week or so to shoot some sets in!"

You've often complained that you can't find enough Scandinavian models. What's their attraction for you?

"There's something very special about them. They're tall, lean, beautiful... and they can make you a lot of money! £1500-£2000 per month! Just give me a call!"

Ulf estimates that he takes about 120,000 shots a year with his favourite cameras; three Nikon F3s. He also uses a Canon 620, and a Polaroid Mamiya. Aside from taking pictures of naked ladies, Ulf enjoys gardening (What! — Ed), tennis and reading. He also has a hidden secret; he buys ladies underwear!

"All the underwear the girls wear during the shoots I buy myself. It's fun, even though I get some strange looks from shop assistants. Especially when I take Hans along to measure them up against!"



HECKOUT THE ACTION



Mann flipped the switch and a dozen screens flickered into life, each showing a different area of the store. There was Amanda behind one of the perfumery counters, spraying a customer with the latest expensive scent. Good saleswoman, that Amanda. Nice bit of stuff, too. He'd put her down for a bonus, call her into his office and deliver the news personally. And maybe ... His underused cock gave a twitch, reminding him there was still life left in it.

Everything seemed in order in the Perfumery, and on the next few screens along. The food section looked a little deserted. There were some customers waiting to be served. Where was that stupid little cow Jean? He would have to speak to the slippery Spaniard about her. Where was he, for that matter?

The next screen showed one of the stockrooms, chosen at random. The camera in this one was infra-red, capable of showing images in the dark. Someone was in there, but it took Mann's eye, adjusted as it was to normal vertical movement, a minute or so to realise that the action he was watching was definitely horizontal.

The powerfully built store boss adjusted his heavy black

spectacles and moved to the edge of his seat. There, before his eyes, was a female posterior, with its most feminine part of all gaping like the open mouth of a large fish. And there, about to spear it with a long and quivering male prong, was a dark-skinned youth he recognised as having recently started work in Kitchenware. He couldn't see enough of the girl to recognise her. Not that it mattered. They were about to get fired, both of them.

Hello, though ... what was this? A second erect prick suddenly appeared to one side of the video screen, followed instantly by its owner. Mann groaned. Oh no, not Jimmy, one of the longest-serving members of the store staff? He didn't want to have to give him his cards, at his age, and with such a good work record. But if the man was indulging in sexual activities during working hours — and threesomes, at that! — as his employer, he had no alternative. *Bonkin & Muff's* was about to witness its first mass sacking.

Furious, feeling personally cheated and let down by his staff, and completely forgetting that he had called a 9a.m. staff meeting and several bewildered employees were

milling aimlessly around, checking their watches, Mann left the screens flickering as he stomped out of the room in the direction of the second floor. It was only as he pre-

pared to burst into the stockroom in question that his long-suffering and wickedly neglected penis began to heave itself up into a large and throbbing erection.

***Bonkin & Muff's* is an old-fashioned department store in an unfashionable market town. But life within the store is nowhere near as genteel as it appears on the surface. Last month we left Jean from the cheese counter and Mr Madrid, manager of the food department, ignoring their clamouring customers as they fucked under the counter, and Jimmy the lift attendant wanking in a stock room as he peeped into the ladies' lingerie changing room through a hole he'd made in the wall. Now Montague Mann, the manager of *Bonkin & Muff's*, is about to try out his new video security system ...**



Jimmy had been watching an amply endowed customer trying on bras. He had just shot his load all over the stockroom wall when he heard noises behind him. Still hard, he turned round and through the gloom saw Phil and Wendy, who hadn't seen or heard him.

They were resting between orgasms, but now they were at it again, doggy-fashion. There was Phil's smooth brown bum pumping back and forth, and Wendy's dangling titties swinging beneath her as she panted and groaned.

Jimmy started fingering his



ever-ready willy again. It was past his break time. He ought to be back on duty, but what normally sexed man could resist a live sex show happening right before his eyes?

As he opened the door, admitting a shaft of neon light to illuminate the writhing, sweating tumescence within, Montague Mann was thinking much the same thing...

In Ladies Separates, next to the Lingerie department, Lilian was helping Selina stretch a tight lycra swimsuit over a polystyrene display torso when a customer cleared her throat loudly.

she always carried a spare pair in her handbag, just in case.

"No sign of this bloody staff meeting, is there?" said Lilian, once the customer had been sent on her way with a bikini that cut cruelly into her thigh blubber and made her armpit flesh look like an extra pair of boobs.

Selina shook her black curls. "Old Manny-boy's probably got Halibut giving him a gobble in the stockroom."

She didn't know how nearly right she was.

A stickler for time-keeping and rules, Cynthia 'Halibut' Har-

"AND THERE, ABOUT TO SPEAR IT WITH A QUIVERING PRONG, WAS A DARK-SKINNED YOUTH."

"Ahem! I'm looking for a green bikini, size 36."

"And that's only the left one!" hissed Lilian into Selina's ear. "She's a size 16 or I'm a fanny's uncle!"

Selina giggled so much, she nearly wet her knickers. Selina wet her knickers fairly often, in moments of stress, mirth or sexual excitement. For this reason,

buttle had gone in search of Montague Mann, to remind him about the staff meeting. When no-one answered her sharp rap on his office door, she surged in and was confronted with the bank of newly installed video screens. To the non-technical Cynthia, they resembled the controls of a space-ship. She scanned one

screen after another, and eventually her eyes lit upon the one which showed the sinful stockroom.

At first, the middle-aged and prudish Cynthia thought she was watching a porn movie, but one in which the actors

pinching her nipples and sending little sparks of sexual pleasure darting down to her ripening clitoris.

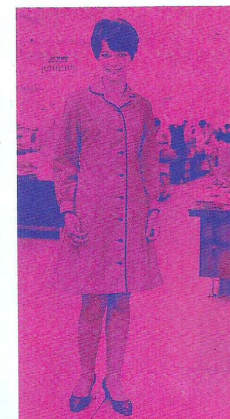
She closed her eyes and licked her lips, imagining Gordon brushing her mouth with the smooth, cool tip of his

"HIS WICKEDLY NEGLECTED PENIS BEGAN TO HEAVE ITSELF UP INTO A LARGE AND THROBBING ERECTION."

closely resembled certain members of staff. That *couldn't* be little Jimmy off the lifts, with his... his *thing* in his hand? And surely that wasn't their lofty boss, Mr Mann, whom she'd secretly worshipped for years, with his trousers round his ankles and a female mouth sucking at his... No, that *couldn't* be a penis, it was far too big. He must have his arm in her mouth, not his... Then Mr Mann turned round slightly towards the camera, revealing a pair of hairy bollocks swinging beneath what definitely was a prize specimen of a penis.

Cynthia gasped, and came. She didn't realise she'd come, she thought it was a hot flush. But it felt very nice. She sat back, hefty thighs spread, in Mr Mann's leather chair, letting the warm, sensual feelings sweep over her. Then she examined the picture on the screen again — and immediately developed a powerful fixation for the chunky and well-endowed Mr Mann. She may be fifty-two, she thought, with no sexual experience for over twenty years, but, before she died or retired from the store, she simply had to experience that glorious example of mighty manhood inside her quivering quim.

Tall, blonde Amanda Legg was the only person serving in Perfumery, all the others having gone in search of the non-existent staff meeting. There were no customers about, so she began indulging herself in a spicy daydream about Menswear manager Gordon Gross. Her nipples began to tingle and she dreamily crossed her arms beneath her breasts and reached up with her fingers,



ing boobs were completely on display to the bulging eyes of a young male customer who had popped in on his way to work to buy some perfume for his mother's birthday. Stephen Hardy his name was — and hard he certainly was, as he watched Amanda caressing her creamy flesh.

Now one hand left her boobs and was travelling downwards. It reached her mound and began gently stroking through her skirt. Now it was going under her skirt — and so, most certainly, was Stephen Hardy!

Will Selina's spare drawers stay in her handbag long? Will Halibut hook Montague Mann's conger? Will the staff meeting have to take place in the stockroom? Find out in next month's episode of *Check-out The Action!*



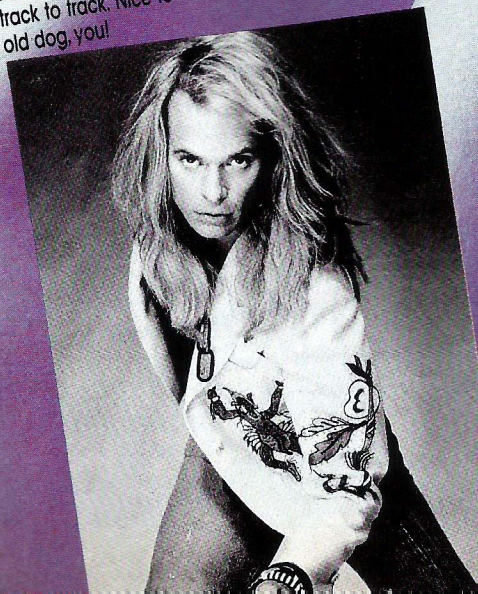
hear NO EVIL see

DAVID LEE ROTH A LITTLE AIN'T ENOUGH WARNER BROS

The ultimate showman is back in town. Yes, Diamond Dave is back with a vengeance; fresh off the bus with a suitcase full of innuendoes and a party attitude. Dave may seem like the Benny Hill of rock 'n' roll, but it's an image he's taken time to cultivate.

'Skyscraper' was something of a departure both musically and lyrically, and 'A Little Ain't Enough' comprises all the best elements of that, and a lot of what 'Eat 'Em And Smile' failed to deliver. Jason Becker handles the guitars behind Roth's gutsy yelling, but doesn't really get free reign.

A combination of rock and Roth's vaudeville personality, the album shuffles blues and kicks ass from track to track. Nice to have you back, Dave, you sly old dog, you!



AUSTIN LEGREW EROTIC ART CATALOGUE

There's a familiar name for anyone who knows this organ. Old Austin has been snapping away for eight years now, and has amassed quite a collection of erotic photographs.

In an attempt to clear out his cupboard, Austin has published a high quality collection of some of his best work in catalogue form. The idea is that people will order prints from this and will then be reimbursed for the cost of the catalogue itself.

I had a glance through it and almost thought about placing an order myself. Until I realised I could probably wangle one for nothing! These high quality hand printed pieces are certainly worth your wall space, and you rarely get the opportunity to buy original erotic art. If you're interested in the idea, contact: Austin Legrew Collections, 16 Connaught Street, Marble Arch, London, W2 2AG, or take a gander at the classified ads in Knave.



SCORPIONS CRAZY WORLD VERTIGO

Whatever happened to the Scorpions? You'd have thought that this far down the line, with 14 albums under their belts that they'd have gelled their style, yet moved with the times. But no. While people like me have grown up (slightly), the Scorpions haven't tried to mature their music, happy to target the 'yoo' audience these days. That's cool, but just how long can they keep it up? Let's face it, Klaus Meine shouldn't be singing about girls these days; maybe "middle aged women" doesn't exactly fit into a rock number.

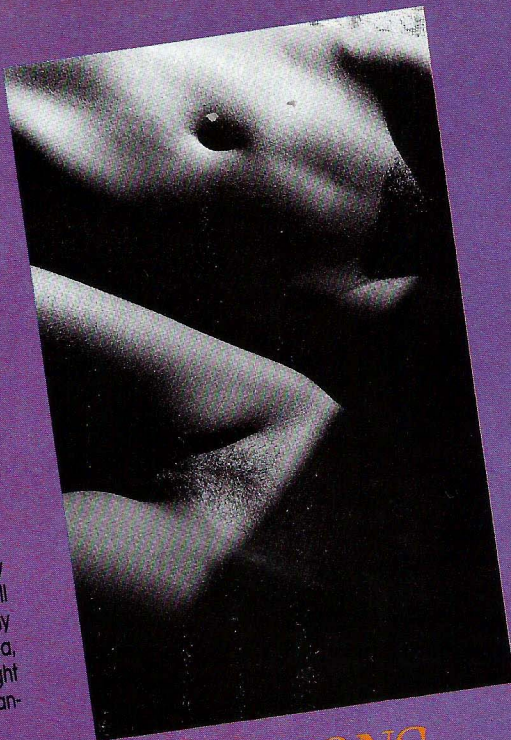
Maybe they haven't aged well enough, I dunno, but Crazy World just seemed a little stale in places. It isn't dreadful, it's just not quite what you'd hoped for. The music has guts, but they've lost a lot of their sound in the process.



CINDERELLA HEARTBREAK STATION VERTIGO

I could never take Cinderella seriously until I heard Heartbreak Station. They were always just a bit too girly for my tastes. But now I'll eat my words.

This is jangly guitar and jews harp bar brawl at its best, played by one hell of a tight outfit. If The Quireboys weren't caught up in the same crap rut, they might one day get to be this good. I doubt it, though, Cinderella seem to have cornered the market with this album.



PENPOWER

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was stroking her own cunt, so I pushed her hand away, and started to wank her myself. So there I was, my head buried in one fanny, while my hand played contentedly with another, then we were all coming at once, Carol writhing on my fingers, Linda circling around my tongue, and me savouring the warmth of Linda's lips as they raced up and down my shaft.



This was the sort of present I could really get used to! And I did! It wasn't long before Linda was kneeling on all fours, and I was giving her a really hard shag from behind, my rock-hard cock filling every square inch of her trembling fanny while I cradled her dangling boobies and strummed her nipples. Or until Linda wanked me off, directing my jet so that it sprayed against Carol's gorgeous golden tits. Or until Carol sat up on me, impaled on my spike, while I gently rolled one finger back and forth along Linda's slit and listened to both girls' moans of delight.

Eventually, of course, the girls had to leave. I dressed them — which took a bit longer than it should have, owing to the fact that when I was putting on Linda's knickers, I had a sudden overwhelming urge to take them off again, pull her skirt up and over her thighs, bend her across the table, and give her one last

thorough fucking, for which she seemed very grateful — and saw them to the bus stop.

As I say, that was a week or two ago. Since then I've been out and bought myself a calendar, and every evening now, just before I go to bed, I eagerly cross off that day. I just can't wait for next year's birthday, and for next year's birthday present! — T.L., London.

The Earth Will Shake

As I really enjoy reading your magazine, I thought I would write and tell you about an experience I once had whilst working as a temporary secretary. I had known Steve for quite some time as he lived only a few doors away in a neighbouring flat, and he often came into the pub where I worked in the evenings. I am a trained secretary, so when he said he was looking for someone to do some secretarial work for him, I offered to help out.

The office was very small, just one desk and a filing cabinet, but as Steve was out quite a lot it didn't matter, but when he was there, it meant I had to keep brushing past him and leaning over him to reach things, he made no secret of the fact he thoroughly enjoyed it.

About two weeks went past, then one morning, the office being empty as usual, I made myself a cup of coffee and sat down to do some audio typing. Steve's deliciously deep voice came over the tape, telling me which letters to type for the day, then all of a sudden his voice changed, his breathing became heavier and he said, "Sue, you have got the most gorgeous bum I have ever seen. Everytime you lean across my desk I just want to rip down your panties and stick my hot throbbing prick right up that beautiful slippery pussy."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. No-one had ever spoken to me like that before. The effect was incredible, my pussy was throbbing as he said how he wished he could suck my nipples, which by now felt as though they were bursting. He said he could

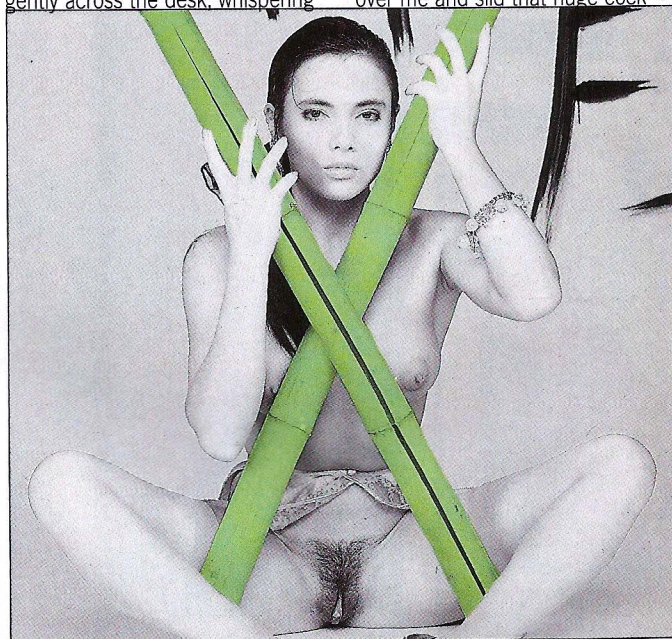
imagine me across the desk with his head buried in my pussy, licking and sucking my clit before fucking me.

I turned the machine off and stood up feeling quite light headed. My pussy was oozing as what I had heard went over and over in my head. I turned towards the filing cabinet and just as I did so the office door opened and Steve walked in. I knew by the tell-tale bulge in his trousers that he had planned his entrance all along.

By this time, any resistance I may have had completely disappeared and he lowered me gently across the desk, whispering

he wanted to. By now, I was moaning and gasping, pleading with him not to stop. Within minutes, I had the most earth shattering orgasm which seemed to go on forever.

Steve got up off his knees, and I reached forward, releasing the most gorgeous throbbing prick. I immediately took him into my mouth, sliding my lips backwards and forwards over his beautiful prick and cupping his heavy balls in my hand. After what seemed like only a few seconds, he groaned and drew back, then gently guiding me to the floor, he lowered himself over me and slid that huge cock



in my ear how much he needed me. He unbuttoned my blouse, and with one quick movement unclipped my front fastening bra. Cupping my breast in his hand, he sucked hard on my already throbbing nipples. I gasped with pleasure as his hands moved further down, sending electric signals straight to my pussy. He groaned as his hand came into contact with my stockings and suspenders, and very gently he moved his hand upwards and hooked his fingers under my now soaking wet panties. Gripping my bum with his other hand, he quickly slid my panties off, then dropping to his knees, he buried his head into my pussy, kissing and licking my clit just as he'd said

deep into me. We both came almost immediately, but Steve's cock stayed rock hard. Within minutes, he was thrusting deep into me again. I lost count of the number of orgasms, as he took me in every conceivable way, over the desk, across the chair, and even against the wall.

Needless to say, I was exhausted. From that day, Steve always left me a personal message on my tape, telling me what he was going to do to me the next time. This carried on for a month until the business went bust and he moved away from the area. I'm often asked why I always smile when I switch on my audio machine in the office where I work now. — S.F., Norfolk.

PENPOWER

PLUS

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fucked, better still if someone was out there in the darkness watching, and I think those thoughts spurred me on to even greater efforts.

I was shafting her so hard and fast the whole car was rolling, then I was going to come. I leaned right over her and said, "Now take it." I came pumping great jets of thick white come right up inside her streaming cunt, she was gushing down her legs and howling as she came. I fucked on and on into her, feeling the spunk running out of

blokes dealing with the customers by phone, Alice the old woman who supervises the financial side of things, and Linda and Carol, the two young birds who operate the VDU's and handle all the routine day to day accounts details. Linda is dark and curly haired, Carol blonde and fair skinned.

It's a tradition there that, on somebody's birthday, everyone gives them a present. It's never anything much; for the men a pair of socks, or a couple of cans of their preferred beer, for the

best not to say anything, so I didn't.

That evening I was sitting at home in my flat, when the doorbell rang. I went down to answer it, and there on the doorstep, to my surprise, were Carol and Linda.

"We got your address from the personnel files," Carol said, "can we come in?" "Sure. Come on in," so I led them up the stairs, and into the flat.

"We came round to apologise for not giving you any presents this morning," Carol continued

PUN-ilingus

Cumfetti:

A type of dandruff that's found only on short and curly hairs.

Diarrhoea:

Mal de merde.

Disposable nappies:

Waist paper.

Dormant peerage:

Receding heir-line.

Down-at-heel:

A foot fetishist trying for an Achilles feel.



her and coating my already soaking cock as I shafted her. I slowed and pulled out of her, still rock hard, and she went her down onto her knees and I put my wet cock deep into her open mouth. I slowly fucked her mouth as she sucked me dry, and I really loved the sight and feel of that. That night I screwed her till my cock was absolutely red raw. I had her many times after that till she left the local and went to live up country, but I think that first time, fucking her over the wing of the car was the best ever. Boy she was some fuck. — D., Devon.

I Heard Her Moan

Some months ago I went to work in a new office. It's a small place; there's Bob the General Office Manager, myself and two other

women a small box of chocolates, or maybe a book of stamps, or perhaps a jar of coffee. Token presents really, a gesture.

Recently it was my first birthday there, and I came in to find my presents on my desk. I was disappointed, however, to see that there was nothing from either Linda or Carol. I was puzzled as to why they had ignored me; I got on well with everyone, and had certainly done nothing as far as I knew to upset the girls. Still, if they felt that way, maybe it was

when we were inside, "we have got a present for you, but it's not the sort you can give anyone in an office." They looked at each other, and giggled shyly, "You see, for you we decided on something a bit special. Your present is us."

She stepped forward, and I stood rooted to the spot in amazement as she slowly pulled her sweater over her head, and threw it away. Then her frilly black bra came off, and her two young tits swung free. I've seen tits before, large and small, but these were superb. Like warm grapefruits waiting to be plucked. The nipples were standing out eagerly, clamouring for someone's touch.

I came to life, and fell on them like an eagle from the sky, my hands filling with soft warm flesh. I heard Carol's throaty groan as my tongue found one of those begging nipples. I played with it



"Doctor, doctor, every time I sneeze, I have an orgasm."

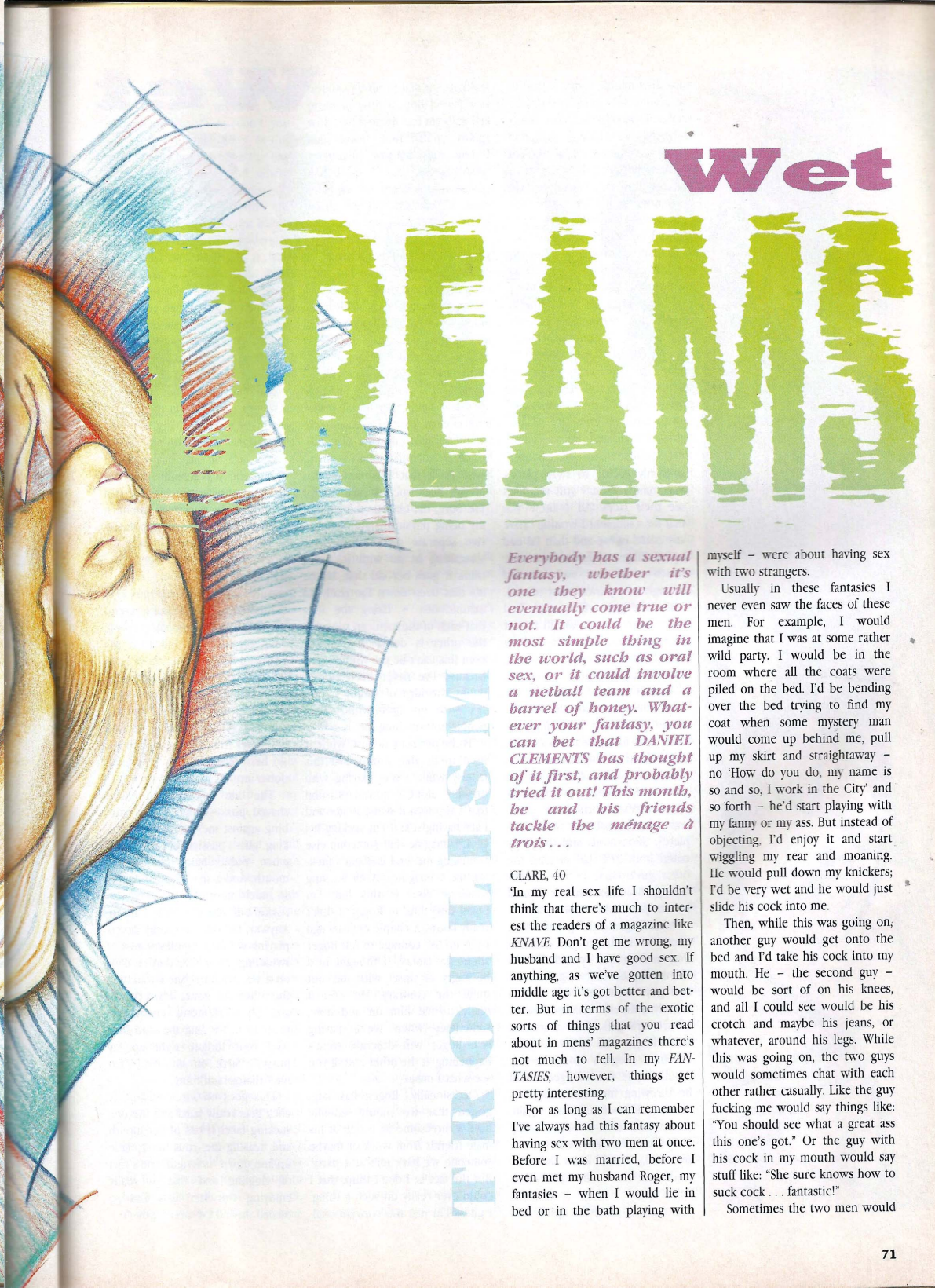
"Good grief, what are you taking for it?"

"Pepper."

or a while, then pulled away, and unbuttoned her skirt. It fell to the floor, quickly followed by her knickers, and there she was, entirely nude, ready for anything I wanted. In a second she was on the rug, my hand racing up and down her thigh. Her legs parted, and I found her wet fanny, my fingers just seeming to glide in. I jerked her for a while, until I heard her moan, "Oh fuck me! Fuck me!", then quickly got rid of my own clothes. As my rearing cock sprang into view, Carol grasped it greedily, and began to wank me. When the first drops of my come sped out, I rolled on top of her, and with one vigorous thrust, pushed my shaft right up inside her. Her legs went round me, and I rode her like a bucking mare until I shot my stream into her hot, coming cunt.

Well, that was certainly some present, but there was more to follow. I hardly had any time to recover, before Linda, who had stripped herself, was on the floor beside me. I watched as her dark curls travelled down my stomach, then saw my straining cock disappear between her red lips. I cupped her bum, pulled her into me, and began exploring the lips of her pussy until my tongue slipped in to her passage, lapping at the delicious juices. I could see Carol was getting pretty excited at what we were doing, because she

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Wet

DREAMS

Everybody has a sexual fantasy, whether it's one they know will eventually come true or not. It could be the most simple thing in the world, such as oral sex, or it could involve a netball team and a barrel of honey. Whatever your fantasy, you can bet that DANIEL CLEMENTS has thought of it first, and probably tried it out! This month, he and his friends tackle the ménage à trois...

CLARE, 40

'In my real sex life I shouldn't think that there's much to interest the readers of a magazine like *KNAVE*. Don't get me wrong, my husband and I have good sex. If anything, as we've gotten into middle age it's got better and better. But in terms of the exotic sorts of things that you read about in mens' magazines there's not much to tell. In my *FANTASIES*, however, things get pretty interesting.

For as long as I can remember I've always had this fantasy about having sex with two men at once. Before I was married, before I even met my husband Roger, my fantasies - when I would lie in bed or in the bath playing with

myself - were about having sex with two strangers.

Usually in these fantasies I never even saw the faces of these men. For example, I would imagine that I was at some rather wild party. I would be in the room where all the coats were piled on the bed. I'd be bending over the bed trying to find my coat when some mystery man would come up behind me, pull up my skirt and straightaway - no 'How do you do, my name is so and so, I work in the City' and so forth - he'd start playing with my fanny or my ass. But instead of objecting, I'd enjoy it and start wiggling my rear and moaning. He would pull down my knickers; I'd be very wet and he would just slide his cock into me.

Then, while this was going on, another guy would get onto the bed and I'd take his cock into my mouth. He - the second guy - would be sort of on his knees, and all I could see would be his crotch and maybe his jeans, or whatever, around his legs. While this was going on, the two guys would sometimes chat with each other rather casually. Like the guy fucking me would say things like: "You should see what a great ass this one's got." Or the guy with his cock in my mouth would say stuff like: "She sure knows how to suck cock... fantastic!"

Sometimes the two men would

TROTTISM

ME

it happened to

we were in each others arms.

No man has ever kissed me the way that Simon kissed me that first time. I've never returned a man's kisses the same way either. Mouths wide open, tongues searching, teeth nibbling and then biting. Our hands were everywhere, and all at the same time too. His were on my breasts, in seconds he had my boobs bared and my nipples were aching in their hardness. I shouted out his name as his mouth was sucking on them. His hands were also pawing and mauling at my flanks, thighs and buttocks. I was howling and flinging my head back on my shoulders as he stabbed a thick, long finger deep into my cunt. At once I found I was bucking onto it, wanting it even further into me.

And me? My hands were all over his magnificent body. I found myself tugging and ripping at his shirt buttons and pulling it from his jeans. It was his cock that I wanted though. I was pulling down his zip and hauling at his belt. I could feel his cock through his jeans — it seemed to stretch more than half way down his massive thighs. Without even seeing it I knew I'd never known a man so hugely endowed. I got my hand inside his jeans, and it was with almost a sob that I felt his throbbing cock under my fingers. He was so hard, so big, so thick and I realised there was no way I could pull him from his jeans. That's when I heard myself pleading, begging to be fucked.

He needed no second bidding. Almost effortlessly he lifted me and set me on the edge of my kitchen table. I was naked now but for one slipper which dangled from my left foot. He stood back from me and tore off his shirt and jeans. I was making weird noises in my throat, and there was a wildness in my eyes as I feasted them on his naked body. From head to toe, he was man — all man. He seemed to be even bigger stripped — he was so overwhelming — the great chest and shoulders, the hard, flat belly and the truly massive thighs... and oh, that cock... that wonderful, wonderful cock.

He took a step up to me. His

cock was hard up against his belly and it was almost with a feeling of awe that I reached out and took it in my two hands. I pulled it down till the knob was brushing my cunt lips. I heard myself pleading once more: "Now Simon... now... I want it... darling... I want it, I want your cock, I want it hard." He put his hands under my bum and lifted me up from the table. I held his cock in one hand whilst I ran my other up and down his massive length, and I

"I heard myself begging to be fucked."

was making sing-song sounds as the tip of his prick eased in between my cunt lips. I heard him starting to grunt something or other, and both of his hands were fully under my buttocks. I think he muttered, "Right... Gwen... right, now, now." Under me his fingers tightened, and then he thrust his cock into me. For a long moment I just went rigid. I felt him pull out, and then he was ramming back in again. The depth of his penetration was truly great, but oh, the pleasure was simply indescribable.

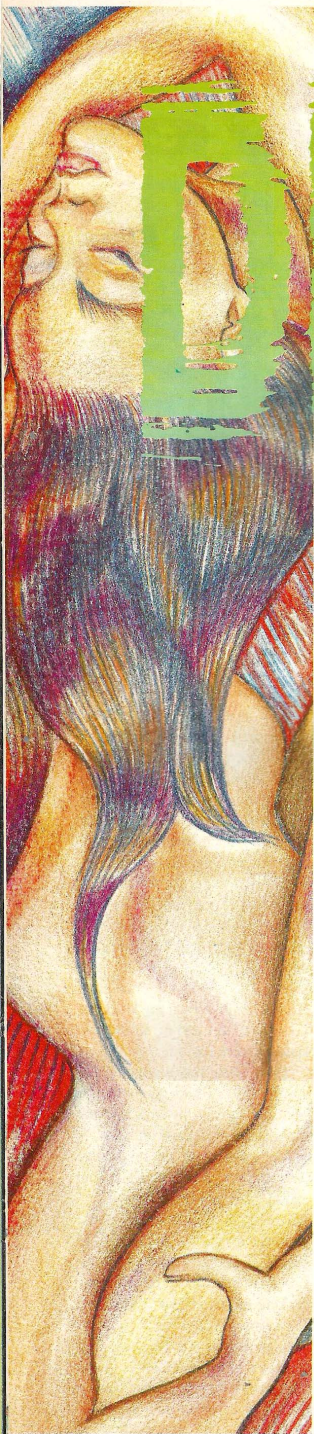
Then he really got down to fucking me and I was gasping, gasping, gasping as his rampant cock powered in and out. In and out, each thrust faster and deeper.

His strokes were pushing me down onto my back across that table top. I brought up my legs and thighs and wrapped them across his back. I was making a lot of noise, and between all my moans and gasps I found myself whispering his name, kissing his face and neck, and nibbling at his ears. He was heavy on me, and his great chest was mashing my tits under him. He fucked and fucked, and each stroke was lifting me from the table, forcing me further

back across it. In seconds he brought me to my initial climax, and I could feel my juices bathe his cock. From then on in it was just one shattering orgasm after the other.

From a long way away I heard him gasping my name and then, "I'm coming... Gwen, I'm coming." For maybe another minute his cock was like a piston, with each thrust I could feel and hear his balls slap my thighs, then they were tightening. Again he shouted out my name, I howled almost at the top of my voice as I felt his sperm start to spurt from his cock and into me. Over and over again, wad after wad... and then it was all over. — G., Co. Durham.





Wet DREAMS

suddenly decide to swap places. For some reason I still wouldn't see their faces. All I knew was that for a moment I wouldn't have any cocks in me and then I'd end up sucking a different one (one which was wet and smelled strongly of my own pussy juices), while the guy whose cock had been in my mouth would ram it into my pussy. Then one of them would say to the other: "Oh yeah, I see what you mean."

In this fantasy, neither of the men would speak to me directly. Each would be watching the other (it's funny that I would visualise them looking at each other, but in my fantasy I wouldn't see their faces!). What was important – what really turned me on – was the idea that they were completely anonymous and that they could both *SEE ME* sucking the other guy's cock, or see a cock sliding in and out of me framed by the spread cheeks of my ass.

After Roger and I got married, once the initial excitement was over and we had settled down a bit, my fantasy of having sex with two guys returned. Now it was slightly different, because instead of two strangers, there would be one stranger and Roger. Usually, I'd have Roger's cock in my mouth while the stranger would be screwing me, but sometimes they would switch places. Again, they would chat almost casually with each other and most important of all, I would know that they could see what the other was doing to me.

I've often tried to figure out

why it is that this fantasy has always been such a turn on for me. Sure, the obvious thing about my being physically stimulated in two separate places must have something to do with it, but I think it goes beyond that. Maybe it's that deep down I'm really an exhibitionist – liking the idea that each of the men can see what the other is doing to me. But even this can't be the whole story, because I've never been turned on by the idea of simply having sex with one guy while other people are watching me.

To be perfectly honest, while it used to be that I only had this fantasy while I was playing with myself – alone – nowadays I find that I slip into it while Roger and I are having sex. If I'm sucking his cock I imagine that someone else is fucking me, and if Roger's fucking me I imagine myself sucking someone else. Is this like I'm being unfaithful to Roger? I don't really know. A couple of years ago I got up the courage to tell Roger about my fantasy. I thought he'd be angry or upset with me, but quite the contrary. He said it really turned him on and now, sometimes when we're having sex, Roger will describe what's happening at the other end, if you see what I mean.

Occasionally, Roger has suggested that we should actually have a threesome with one of his male friends from work or maybe someone we have met at a party. But the fact is, I don't think that I could ever really do such a thing. I guess I'm just too conventional.

Or maybe it's actually that this fantasy means so much to me that I don't dare put it to the test because I might be disappointed. Who knows?

FRANK, 21

Sure, doesn't every guy get turned on by the idea of going to bed with two women? Double your pleasure and all that! My favourite fantasy along those lines is one where I'm lying on a large bed with my legs hanging over the side. On the floor, on her knees, is a girl sucking me off while her friend is sat on my face – her pussy juices streaming down into my gob.

The one on my face has a shaved pussy which she is rubbing against me. I really like sucking girls' pussies but I hate it when public hairs get in my mouth. And a shaved pussy is just so much more of a turn on – so *NAKED*, if you see what I mean. Anyway, the one sat on my face is playing with my nipples – sort of twiddling them like they're dials on a sex machine! She's watching the other one going down on me and she's shouting encouragement to her telling me stuff like: "Get your tongue right up my pussy," "Suck on my clit," "Eat me," that sort of thing.

This goes on for a while. My cock gets really hard and the one sucking takes it out of her mouth and, teasing me, runs her tongue up and down its length. She's sort of giggling and that – really enjoying the fact that I'm so turned on and I'm in her power.

While this is going on, the one with her ass on my face says something like: "Why don't you get on top and fuck him?" At this point in my fantasy, I see the one on her knees get up and slowly, taking her time, she undresses. I forgot to mention that while the one on my face is naked or maybe wearing stockings, suspenders or a corset, the other one is fully dressed in some sexy outfit made of PVC or something.

So the one that had been going down on me now stands up and does a really slow strip tease – not for me, of course. I mean, all I can see is this woman's ass and pussy plopped over my face – except in my fantasy I can *ALSO* see the girl doing her strip tease while the other one watches. In a fantasy you can do that sort of thing – right?

The one sitting on my face is older – maybe, say, in her thirties – and voluptuous, with really big tits and a huge bum while the other one is in her twenties and has a really young, trim body. Also, the older one is more experienced, like she's done this sort of thing lots of times, while the younger one is obviously new to this sort of threesome thing.

Anyway, the younger one who had been sucking my cock is now standing up doing a strip for the older one. Then finally, the young one squats over my cock. She's very wet and my cock slides right into her fanny. She sort of squirms around a bit to get my cock as far as it will go into her tight little pussy.

Once, about a year and a half ago, I was actually lucky enough to get two girls into bed at the same time. I'd been having this fantasy for ages, but this was the first time I'd actually been in a position to do it for real. It was with this girl I'd met at a party and had been seeing for a few weeks. I'd gone round to her place and her flatmate was there and the writing was on the wall that they were *BOTH* hot to trot. I thought I'd won the pools!

Naturally, I tried to get them to do it like my fantasy. They gave it a try, but I don't think they were really into it. Maybe it was just me picking up on that, I don't know, but I couldn't seem to get my John Thomas to stand up to attention! My whole life – except, of course when I was really plas-

tered – I'd never had the slightest problem with it, and here I was with two women and my dick lets me down! Fortunately, things eventually worked out, and I ended up fucking my girlfriend (she was in the doggy position) while her flatmate sort of straddled her and kissed me while I played with her nice tits.

It was good, there's no denying that, but to be honest I'd have to say that it wasn't actually as good in real life as it is in my fantasies. I think (and I've thought about this a lot, I can tell you!) part of it is the disappointment of the reality compared to the fantasy, but the other thing is that in real life I found everything was a bit confusing. I kept on wondering if I'd paid enough attention to the pair of them. Thinking, is one of them feeling left out? That sort of thing. Not that I wouldn't give it another try given the opportunity, you understand!

It's interesting is it not, that there are only two sexes? Look at it this way: millions and millions of years ago – before Pan's People on Top of the Pops, before the dinosaurs, even before Knave's editor was born – there was no such thing as sex. Primitive animals or plants simply divided, splitting into more animals or plants. Then someone had the really ace idea of sexual reproduction, and we haven't looked back since. But what if, instead of stopping with two sexes things had gone on to produce three, or even four sexes?

Yes, it would, no doubt, have made things rather complicated on *BLIND DATE*, and in the 'Lonely Hearts' columns and so forth. But it might have been a hell of a lot of fun because it would have meant that bonking would *ALWAYS* be a matter of threesomes, or even foursomes. Instead, things got stuck with sex being a two party affair in which it's generally assumed that, "two's company, three's a crowd." In our fantasies, however, the idea of sex with three people has always been popular. There are several good reasons for this.

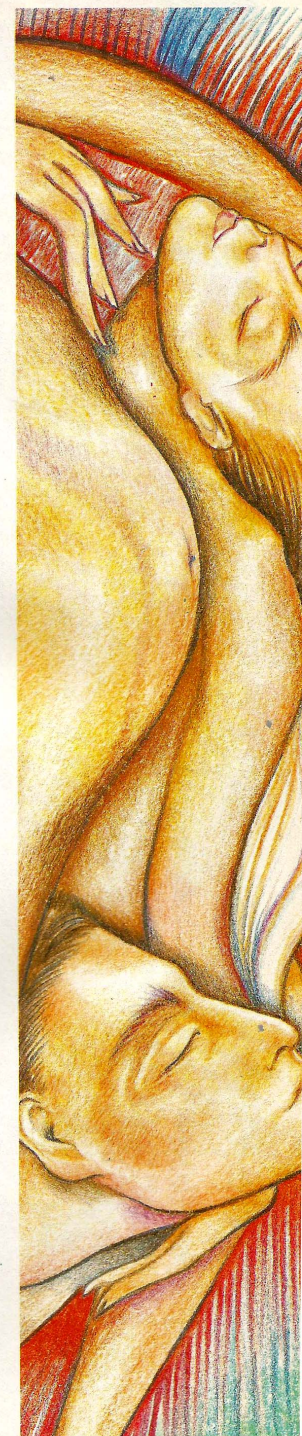
Firstly, and most obviously, there are a good many things which are simply physically impossible when only two people are making whoopee. For example, unless you're some sort

of really strange mutant with your cock where your nose should be, you'd have to choose between oral and genital sex. Likewise, unless you're a midget and you're making it with a woman who's a giant, you can't very well suck her tits while you're screwing. In short, sex which is one on one (to use an American football phrase), is always a matter of hard choices. You can do this or you can do that, but you can't do them both at the same time. In a threesome, however, you can do all sorts of things.

Secondly, as Clare has pointed out above, threesomes offer interesting possibilities for voyeurism and exhibitionism. Unless you're up to all sorts of complicated things with mirrors or video cameras, in two person sex your own and your partner's view of the proceedings are always going to be rather limited.

Finally, threesomes offer all sorts of interesting relationship dynamics. This is clearly seen in Frank's fantasy where the two women are relating to and getting off on each others pleasure. Unfortunately, in real life, as Frank goes on to relate, this can actually cast a shadow over things. Lord knows, it's hard enough relating to one member of the opposite sex – with two in bed at the same time things can get really out of hand. Is one party getting cheesed off because you're paying too much attention to the other? Will jealousy rear its ugly head? And if you're a guy, and the other party in the threesome is also a guy, how are you going to feel if his schlong is twice the size of yours?

But heaven forbid that I should be throwing a bucket of cold water on things! Lots and lots of our readers write in to tell us that three *ISN'T* a crowd. While I suppose some of these might be fabrications, there are clearly a hell of a lot of guys and gals out there who have had the time of their lives in some sort of threesome situation. And for the rest of us – like Clare and Frank – the fantasy of the threesome will always be a great turn on. At least until evolution takes a great step forward and makes threesomes the norm (Should we go to your place, your place or my place?) it's the best way we have of having our cake and eating it, too!



ME

it happened to

This is where you get to tell us exactly what, or who you've been up to, and how many times. This section is especially for those adventures which just won't fit in to Penpower Plus, and absolutely all the letters you read here are real — the only things we change are the names and places to protect the innocent. For every sexploit printed, we'll pay a gigantic £50! So send your confessions to: I.H.T.M., Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Gasping, gasping, gasping.

Some time ago, Danny (that's my husband) was just leaving and waving goodbye in his Cavalier company car and there was me all made up and standing at the door in my nightie. Only seconds later here was this gorgeous hunk of

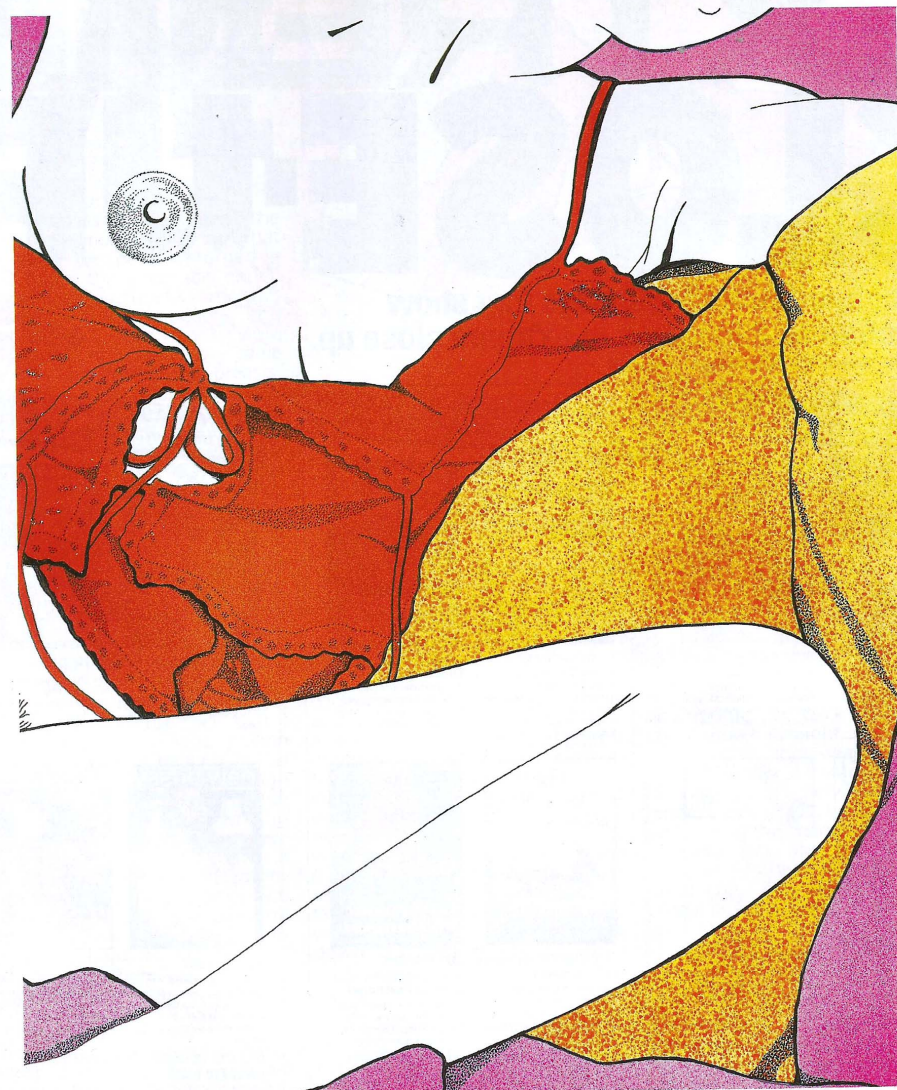
handsome male striding up the path. He had lovely curly black hair, shoulders on him like the side of a house, and an open necked checked shirt showing a huge barrel-like chest complete with rolled up sleeves that only emphasised his bulging biceps. Just for a moment I tore my eyes away from my visitor and the penny dropped, through the hedge at the bottom of the garden there was this small van with the logo on its side of what is a household name in the washing machine world.

Simon was his name and what happened between him and me that morning would never have got off the ground if Danny and my love-life hadn't been at the peak of one of our periods of being in the doldrums. Danny is a glutton for work and also a glutton for beer (hence the gut, and he's only 35), and as I'm a glutton for cock I'm missing my rations. Too much work and too much beer add up to too little cock don't they?

My own name is Gwen by the way and I'm 28; Simon I reckon must be around 24. He fucked me five times that morning, and I gave him a gobble, and he screwed my tits for good measure, and somewhere in the middle of it all he rang through to his depot to report that fixing my washer was going to be a major job of work. Oh boy!

Inside two minutes I knew that I had the hots for him. For a number of reason. His handsome good looks and his magnificent body for starters. He had a lovely sense of humour too. I did think (but not for long) of changing into a dress but he only had to sneak a further look at my tits, belly and legs and I'd go all swimmy, so I said to myself, "If he's game for a spot of fun then so are you."

It didn't take long for the fun to



start either — ten minutes, maybe fifteen, but certainly no more. Oh I know I laid myself wide open, but hell, he was so macho. And the strength of the guy. I positively drooled at those rippling muscles as he hauled that washing machine around my kitchen and that was after he'd manhandled the big (and fully laden) fridge-freezer. Honest, I just looked down at his great back and shoulders, and my breathing started to quicken, and my cunt juices were flowing. I said I was in my nightie,

it was a shorty and only a couple of inches below my pussy. It was thin and didn't hide a thing. A pair of high-heeled bedroom slippers, and that was it.

He stood up and flexed those gorgeous muscles, he did it purposely, I knew that. Already we were Simon and Gwen. He flung back his shoulders and filled his chest and those biceps stood out, I started to growl. He tucked in his belly and I saw the great bulge of his crotch. I felt the perspiration on my brow, that's when our eyes

met and and I found myself pulling at the belt of the negligee. I felt my cheeks flush as the gown parted, and with almost a whinny I started to move my legs apart. I saw his eyes narrow and the great veins in his bull-like neck thicken. I saw his huge fists clench, and he took a step up to me. There was lust in his eyes as they went from my heaving tits and down to my thighs. I saw the naked hunger on his face, I could feel my nipples puckering and I heard myself whispering his name, and then

Problems are something we've all got. Yes, even the Knave team have the occasional worry. Usually, we panic about whether or not those Gucci loafers match that Armani suit. Sometimes we even ask our fave problem solver, BETTE NOIR for advice. And this little page is where she hands it out...

What's YOUR PROBLEM?

Q: Is it possible to run out of come? What I mean is, if I orgasm several times in one day? Or even in a couple of hours? — Francis, Leeds.

A: Well, chum, you've no doubt noticed that the amount of your juice diminishes every time you ejaculate — that is, until your body has a chance to rest, recuperate... and recycle! But it's not likely that you'd run out, unless you ejaculate several times in a very short period, in which case you'd have a tiny amount left. If you want to increase the amount (I'm trying to read between the lines here), try an hour or two extended foreplay (mmmmmm), or repeated arousal before you climax. What's even better? The climax is more fun.

Q: Is it normal to leak pre-ejaculatory fluid? — J.K., Southfields.

A: Yup. But as it contains semen (i.e. sperm), if you're around your lady at the time, and she's unprotected, watch it.

Q: Once, when my girlfriend and I were experimenting with positions (as we often do), I had my head hanging down from the bed, and felt a rush of blood, together with dizziness. When she climbed on top of me, and I came, I'm convinced that my orgasm was made a thousand times better by that "rush". My imagination? Coincidence? Or was there a legitimate connection?

A: Legitimate, my rosy one. Let yourself go! Just keep the air passages clear, and don't try to induce the dizziness by other means, or your groans could be your last. Necrophilia (even accidentally embarked upon) is no fun.

Q: Do you think masturbation can affect the way you have sex? When I'm on my own, I have no trouble at all coming, but only after active handiwork! I can't come very easily inside a woman, so I wonder if I've conditioned myself in some way. — P.J., London.

A: You *could* limit yourself, by your technique. If you're a hyperactive pumper, and your grip is overtough, you could numb your penis skin somewhat. Your hand, after all, is a lot rougher and stronger than a woman's vagina. You're also not using oil or other lubricant — am I right? — which means even more friction. Suggestion? I thought you'd never ask. Try a condom lubricated on the inside. When you masturbate, that slippin' and slidin' will be stimulin', and friction will be reduced. If you blast off, after 15-20 minutes, tickety-boo and great. But if you don't, QUIT (I said, quit!) and try another day. Don't go back to old patterns, and you'll see a marked difference soon.

Q: I've had sex with my boyfriend in the past, but a lot of it has been bad, because he doesn't become completely erect, very often. He drinks, I know (although he hides a lot of it), and he's often tense because of his job. I wonder if that has a lot to do with things being the way they are. I'm afraid to ask, because it might make things worse. — Leslie, Oakham.

A: Poor thing. Sure, chronic drinking can lead to erection problems (any man who's been to the pub has encountered that one, even after one night of too much)! Him feeling rotten about his performance isn't helping,

either. The worse the problem gets, the worse... you see, sweet pea? Add job worries to that. All this can be taken care of. But he's got to tackle his drinking. You have to persuade him (or get a friend in) to keep it to 20 units a week (a pint is 2 units). Some constructive thinking about his situation at work wouldn't go amiss, either. Listen to him, reassure him, make him realise these are circumstances he *can* change — before your relationship does — for the worse.

Q: I'm interested in enlarging my penis — now, I know a lot of what is advertised is a con. I believe you! But I'm given to understand that African women have enlarged their ears — they come down to their shoulders! — by stretching them with heavy earrings, and that men hang a heavy stone onto a lad's cock to make it grow longer, presumably, by the same reasoning. They've been doing this for hundreds of years — so aren't they doing something right? — T.B., Ontario.

A: It's sad that this nonsense continues, along with society's obsession with larger than life cocks! Look. Some muscles can be enlarged through exercise. Some other bits (like breasts) can be enlarged by surgical implants. But the penis contains no muscle or fatty tissue which can be exercised or boosted, so they cannot be enlarged. The ears of those women aren't enlarged, old son, their ear lobes have been stretched! No extra tissue has been built or created, right? Right. Using weights over a long period of time may stretch the foreskin

and the scrotal skin (why do you think they wear loincloths? They hide what's happening underneath!). But there's NO effect on the size of the penis. Matter of fact, the skin could well look baggy, because by then it will have lost the resilience to spring back, which could well give your penis a... er, somewhat... unusual look. They don't show close-ups of the penises of the old men in those National Geographics, do they?

Q: I read somewhere that when a man (or, I guess, a woman) ejaculates, a chemical is released which makes him sleepy. There's our excuse for rolling over and falling asleep! What is that? Why would it make someone feel that way? — W.E., Derry.

A: We're big on orgasms today, aren't we? Well, my pet, there's nothing in your juice which is similar to the chemical you're talking about, as far as anyone knows. You're sleepy because you've expelled all that tension, physical and emotional (there's more of that than you realise, as you're having so much fun) that has been built up during all that activity.

A lot of people feel positively energised after a good session — in the morning, for example! Better than caffeine! If you're thinking of endorphins — sometimes runners get their "high" from those being released into the brain — they can make you drowsy or happy, but there aren't any studies I know of that link 'em to post-orgasm. It's possible — something to get a grant for and examine...

JUST FOR YOU

Hand Job	0898 362 673
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Randy Girls Talk	0898 362 676
Very Experienced At 50	0898 362 674

MOUTH ACTION

My Mouth Is Ready	0898 442 217
Oral Pleasure	0898 442 218
In My Mouth	0898 442 219
All The Way	0898 442 220
My Tongue Around It	0898 442 221
I'll Swallow It	0898 442 223

GIRLS TOGETHER

Girlie Oral Action	0898 442 224
Games and Special Toys	0898 442 225
Shower Lust	0898 442 226
Sixty Nine Girls	0898 442 227
Sexual Fantasies	0898 442 228
Down On Each Other	0898 442 229

TAKE THAT!

I'll Do It Till Satisfied	0898 442 230
On My Lap	0898 442 231
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 442 232
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 442 233
Bend Over, Take That	0898 442 234
My Bottom Is Bare	0898 442 235

T.V. FUN

Dressed To Please	0898 442 236
Swapping With The Wife	0898 442 237
T.V. In Soho	0898 442 238
In Front Of The Mirror	0898 442 239

DRESSED TO PLEASE

My Black Stockings	0898 442 240
Striptease For You	0898 442 241
Mini Skirt & Stockings	0898 442 243
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 442 245
Wet T Shirt	0898 442 246
Bra Busting 42D	0898 442 247

SPECIALS

You've Been Naughty	0898 442 248
Stocks & Bonds	0898 442 249
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 442 256
Nympho Housewife	0898 442 257
Play With Me	0898 442 258
Treat Me Like A Tart	0898 442 259
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 442 260
Video Vixens	0898 442 261
Dirty Talk	0898 442 262
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 442 263
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 442 264
Licking Girls	0898 442 265

CONTINENTAL

Swedish Nymphs Into 'O'	0898 442 266
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 442 267
Hot Danish Girls	0898 442 268
Try The Filipino Way	0898 442 269

PERSONAL PLEASURE

Let Me Slide It In	0898 442 270
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 442 271
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 442 272
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 442 273
My First Time	0898 442 274
Climax With Me	0898 442 275
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 442 276
Oral Satisfaction	0898 442 277
French Oral	0898 442 278
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 442 279

HANKY PANKY

Across The Desk	0898 442 235
In The Study	0898 442 234
Whacko	0898 442 233
Naughty Girl Comes Clean	0898 442 232
Over My Knee	0898 442 231
Whipped Cream	0898 442 230

MEN FOR MEN

Cycle Club Lovers	0898 362 677
Male Confessions	0898 362 675
After The Game	0898 362 682

ORAL DELIGHT

I'll Suck It Now	0898 442 223
Throb In My Throat	0898 442 221
Wicked Tongue	0898 442 220
My Mouth Is Open	0898 442 219
Deep Throat	0898 442 218
Tongue Tied	0898 442 217

HOT ACTION

Wild Girls At It	0898 442 280
A Good Hard Bonk	0898 442 281
Hand Relief	0898 442 282
In My Knickers	0898 442 283
Randy Housewife	0898 442 284
Just Eighteen	0898 442 285
Restrained Pleasure	0898 442 588
Boobs For You	0898 442 589
Mistress Will Do Anything	0898 442 590

Hot Lips To Please	0898 442 591
Wet & Ready	0898 442 592
College Girls	0898 442 593
Ultimate Pleasure	0898 442 594
Six Of The Best	0898 442 595
I'll Play With You	0898 442 596

ALL THE WAY

My Knickers Are Down	0898 442 597
Let Me Make It Grow	0898 442 598
Wet Dreams	0898 442 387
Girls Strap It On	0898 442 389
Dirty Talker	0898 442 391
Shaved & Ready	0898 362 679
It Watched My Neighbour	0898 362 680

Come With Me	0898 362 681
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MALE FUN

Brian In The Showers	0898 362 682
Mens Talk	0898 362 675
Cycle Club Lust	0898 362 677

FANTASY DIALLING

Aged 50 & Experienced	0898 362 674
Alternative sex	0898 362 676
Randy and Ready	0898 362 678
My Fingers Are Playing	0898 362 672
Slow Start/Fast Finish	0898 362 673

INFERNO LINES

My Hand Will Excite	0898 442 592
Give You a Good Time	0898 442 593
Any And Every Way	0898 442 594
College Girls At It	0898 442 595
Wet & Willing	0898 442 596
Oral Action	0898 442 591
I'll Do Anything	0898 442 590
Explore My Boobs	0898 442 589
Bound To Please	0898 442 588
Eighteen And Wanting It	0898 442 285
Frustrated Wife	0898 442 284
Knicker Delight	0898 442 283
Taken In Hand	0898 442 282
My Hand, Your Bottom	0898 442 281
Sue & Ann Go All The Way	0898 442 280

SHE MAN DELIGHT

Posing On The Corner	0898 442 239
T.V. On The Town	0898 442 238
In My Wife's Undies	0898 442 237
Dressed To Thrill	0898 442 236

BIZARRE

Girls Using Their Tongues	0898 442 265
Next Door Nympho	0898 442 264
Girls Into Rubber	0898 442 263
Talking Like A Tart	0898 442 262
Hot Video Girls	0898 442 261
Hand Job	0898 442 260
Strict Mistress	0898 442 259
Climax With Me	0898 442 258
Husband Away Let's Play	0898 442 257
Tart Next Door	0898 442 256
Tied Up On The Line	0898 442 249
1-2-3, Over My Knee	0898 442 248

EUROPE'S HOTTEST

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Scandinavian Orgy	0898 442 268
Dutch Girls At It	0898 442 267
Danish 'O' Level	0898 442 266



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Climax Over Me	0898 442 387
I'll Unzip You	0898 442 598
Take My Knickers Off	0898 442 597

DRESSED TO THRILL

Big Boobs To Please	0898 442 247
See Through Blouse	0898 442 246
Stockings To Delight	0898 442 245
Split Skirt & Stockings	0898 442 243
Strip Special	0898 442 241
Stockings & Suspenders	0898 442 240

PLEASURE LINES

42D - Play With Me	0898 442 278
I'll Take It All	0898 442 277
Ready For You	0898 442 276
Let's Climax Together	0898 442 275
Bonking Girls	0898 442 274
Get It Out	0898 442 273
Playing With Myself	0898 442 272
Fantasise With Me	0898 442 271
All The Way	0898 442 270

ALL GIRL ACTION

Playing Together	0898 442 229
Girlie Desires	0898 442 228
Licked To Excite	0898 442 227
Shower Girls	0898 442 226
Into Each Other	0898 442 225
Miss Muff Goes Down	0898 442 224



JILL



We always told Jill that a girl as sinful as she is would go to Hell, and just look at the background. If

this set wasn't shot in an antechamber of Hades, then I'm a Scotsman. Which of course, I am.

No, there's no doubt in my mind that Jill is a particularly wicked girl, and it comes as little surprise to me that she has been cast down. The only problem is that half the staff here will probably follow her!



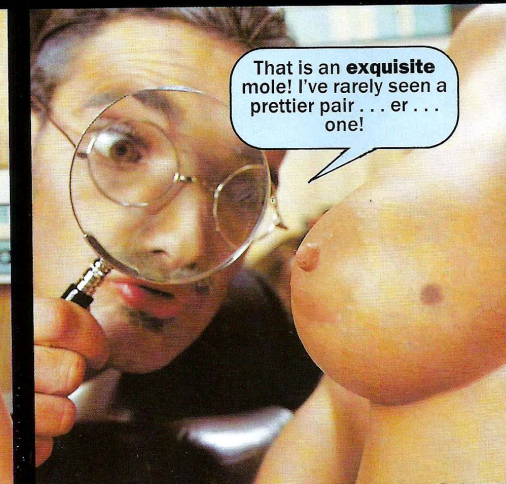
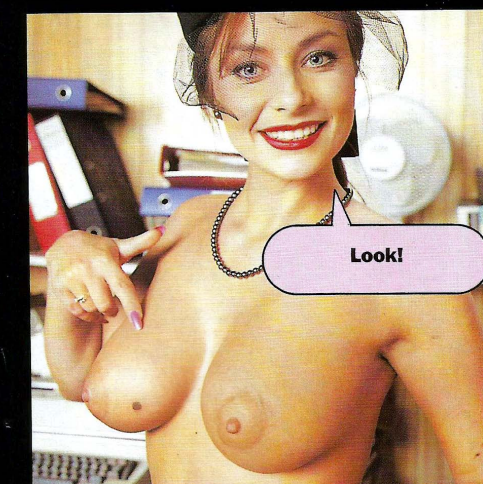


Photographed by GEOFF HAYES

"THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT"

by: Les Lilley

Photographed by DAVE & TONY



LESLEY





When do I get what's coming to me? **The money!**



Not yet . . . er . . . it says that the beneficiary **also** has a semi-circular **scar** on her left **buttock**.

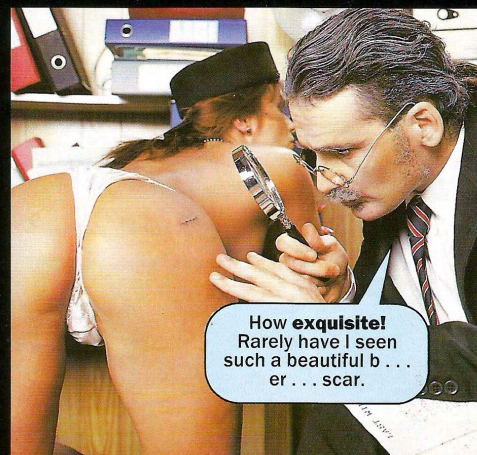


I have!

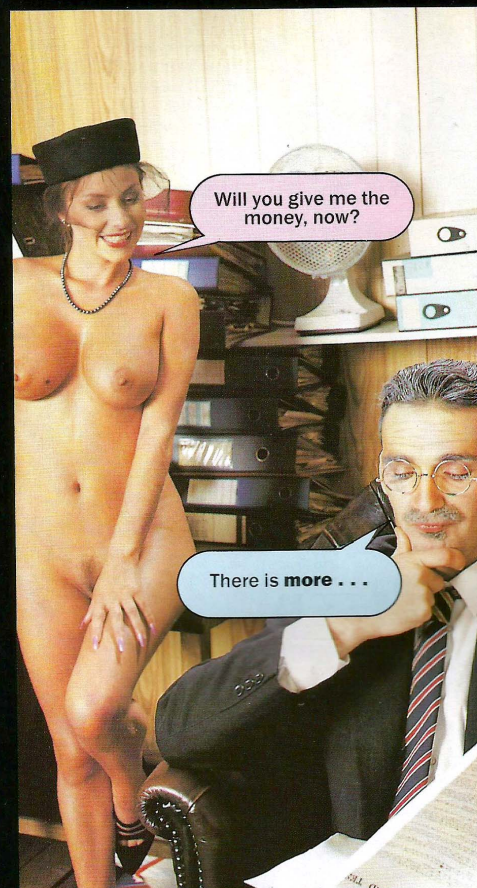


. . . I got this scar when Silas bonked me against a barbed wire fence!

How **unthinking** of him!



How **exquisite!** Rarely have I seen such a beautiful b . . . er . . . scar.

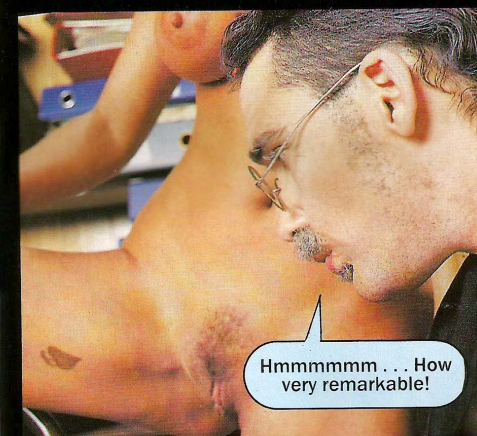


Will you give me the money, now?

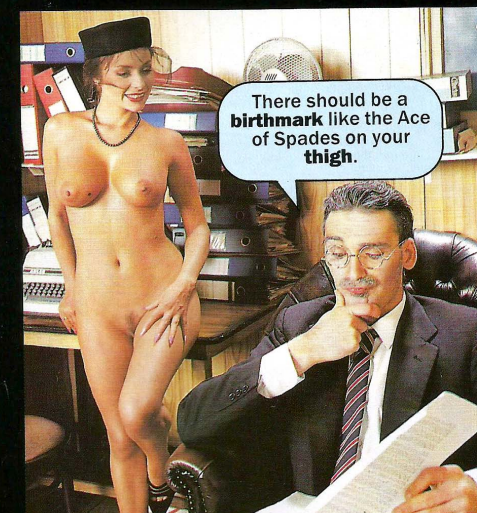
There is **more** . . .



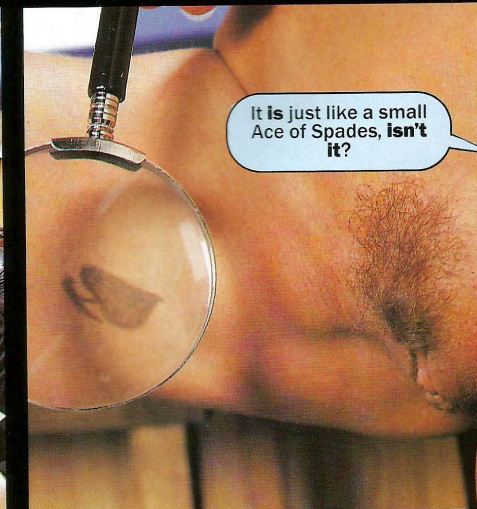
Look no further! **Here it is!**



Hmmmmmm . . . How very remarkable!



There should be a **birthmark** like the Ace of Spades on your **thigh**.



It **is** just like a small Ace of Spades, **isn't it?**



The Do It Yourself Blurb. Arrange the following phrases to best describe Lesley's sexual attributes. Then send your selection on a card to our old offices in London (the ones we left five years ago). The winner will receive a presentation bottle of meths personally selected by Mr. Heard, Fiesta supremo and author of "The Old Soaks Guide To Solvents and Polishes", subtitled, "Pass O' The Brasso".



Moist, willing, beatific privates/pert, yet yielding buttocks/tempting, pouty lips (ahem)/long, perfectly sculpted legs/wobbly, chewy breasts/biteable, lickable nippy nips/soft, downy hair/a sex drive like a bunny/a sex drive like a warren.



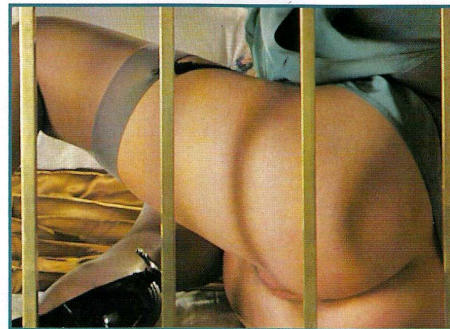
Photographed by ALBERT HALL





LUCY





Well, well, if it isn't Juicy Lucy, one of our fave cuties. Gold definitely suits her, doesn't it? We commented upon it during her last visit to our hallowed halls, and she instantly demanded we lavish various trinkets upon her so she could see for herself. We gave her 2 out of 10 for trying, and fobbed her off with an ounce of Golden Virginia, because it was the closest we could get to innuendo without having her kick us in the toilet parts!



Photographed by NIKKI DOWNEY



WARMING

BA



latin lessons

G



martina





Following last month's *French Fancy*, Mimi, we present another EEC babe, namely Martina, an Italian gal with a temper fiery enough to melt your underpants, and a heart bigger than your mother-in-law's mouth. I don't think that there would be nearly so many objections to the unification of Europe if half of the country's politicians spent a day with Martina eating pasta and generally learning the rudiments of Latin. And I mean rudiments. As Caesar said, "Vini, vidi, vici." Or in the words of our photographer, "I saw, I conquered, I came!"





Scarlet





Yo, readers! Listen up.
Take a good long look at
this hot piece of pussy.
Yeah, that's right. She's
red and she's spread.
She's lying on the bed,
like she's about to give
head. She's on her knees,
waiting to please. Her
trick is to lick, to flick and
to be slick. Man, what
a chick! Yeah, and you're
lucky to be looking
at her. So, stop
complaining about how
nothing good ever
happens to you. Right?



TAMMY





Photographed by ULF STJERNBO



VENUS







Didn't we just see you in Silk & Satin, Tammy? Well I never did — although it's not for want of trying, I can assure you. The delectable Tammy is brought to you courtesy of our sponsors: Leviathan Condoms Inc., makers of the top-selling 'Gi-normo — the sheath for the well-endowed man,' the condom used by most of the male staff at Knave. Of course, we don't endorse any product here officially, but Tammy did tell us she was particularly partial to Leviathan's 'Lady Luck' — a 28" vibrating bedpost which fits snugly into the handbag. Nope, we certainly don't advertise here . . . (There, that ought to secure a free supply of condoms for us, guys!)





Peel yer peepers, 'cause this page ain't for sleepers. Here we've got the extra-seductive Venus, and she's wearing her furs. 'Course, you know what that means. Yeah, that's right – she's hot. Hot to strip and flip. So, as they say in this man's army: "Hands off socks, on cocks!" That's all.





Photographed by DANIEL MAYOR





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Look, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that Spenser's abusing his position by getting his favourite models into the magazine. Well I'm here to tell you that's not true. Like most of the members of the Fourth Estate, I try to be impartial and objective at all times. It just so happens that I woke up one morning with Xiou on the tip of my tongue (there's a joke in there somewhere), and decided that she was the perfect choice for this set. Well, it was supposed to have a mildly Oriental flavour, and Xiou certainly had that; but we're back onto the tip of the tongue gag again, aren't we? The Chinese character in the background sums her up perfectly. It means "sensual" in English.

Photographed by AUSTIN LEGREW



KNAVE
XIOU

